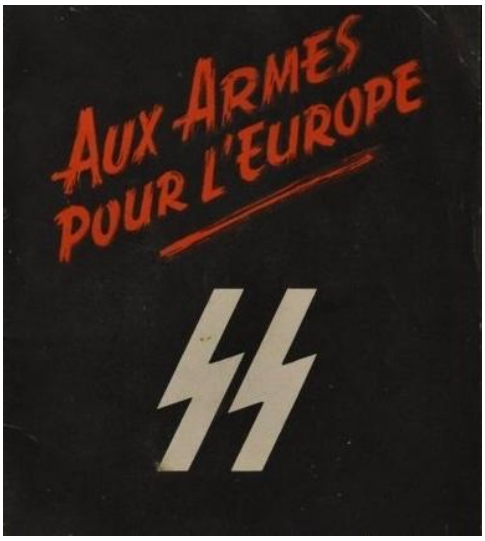
A CALL TO THE FRENCH!
TO ARMS FOR EUROPE



Text from the speech delivered in Paris, on the 5th of March, 1944, at the Palais de Chaillot,
by the SS-Hauptsturmführer Léon Degrelle,
Knight of the Iron Cross and Commander of the Assault Brigade Wallonia

On March 5th, 1944, returning from the Battle of Cherkasy where his brilliant conduct earned him the Knight's Cross of the Iron Cross from the hands of the Führer, SS-Hauptsturmführer Léon Degrelle spoke in Paris before a massive audience gathered at the Palais de Chaillot; this event was organized by the French Waffen-SS, the Legion of French Volunteers Against Bolshevism, and the French Milice.

It is undoubtedly unnecessary to draw a portrait here of Léon Degrelle, whose extraordinary political activity deployed in Belgium, before and since the war, is well known to all: when one knows that, at 28 years old, this man stirred a whole country by his drive, his courage, and his faith, one cannot be surprised to see him today at the head of his compatriots who have understood the necessity of joining their efforts with the army that forms Europe's barrier against bolshevism.

The speech he delivered in Paris – and whose text will be found in this brochure – is not that of a politician... in the pedagogical sense of the word, but that of a soldier – a soldier of the New Europe, animated by the fighter's faith and who knew how to align his actions with his ideas.

A Belgian, he addresses all Frenchmen in general, and in particular those who have already understood the necessities of the hour.

But why does a Belgian speak to Frenchmen? Because this Belgian is above all a European, and, as he said himself, in today's Europe, boundary demarcations no longer matter much: it is about ONE struggle, ONE fight.

This struggle and this fight are the same for all - thus, it was fitting for one of these glorious European fighters of the Eastern Front, one of those who have shown an almost unprecedented courage, to issue this call which is also a lesson and an example.

TO ARMS FOR EUROPE…

Youth of Europe: Unite!

I come to you as a soldier: wherever we are in Europe, we are ONE people in arms.
Arriving here in Paris, after experiencing the great tragedies of the Russian winter, I can look at any of your faces and know that, at whichever post you stand, the enemy is watching you.
Russian front, Italian front, home front, we are all threatened by the same enemies, or by the same assassins: that is what unites us with such fervor.

Before the war, one could only speak of Europe, as poets and prophets had foretold it.
For years, we could reach out our hands to one another among nationalists of all countries, yet all this still smacked of convention and literature - now, at this hour, we are united by a force that nothing can tear down.
We are united by our dead: young men of Germany, young men of France, young men of my own homeland, young men from every country in Europe; we have seen our comrades die, and it is because they died side by side that our friendship will live and that Europe will be created.
Without these dead, without this powerful summons of blood, Europe would have searched for its unity for fifty years, for a hundred years, and would have achieved it too late.

We are in the century in which all the great primitive forces of the universe are gathering: the great forces of a savage and mystical Asia, which masses hundreds of millions of men, and the great forces of America, with its monstrous conglomerate of disparate races and its terrible material power, which could crush us one day - on both sides, enormous masses are finding their unity.
And Europe is also there, like a peninsula of sun, a peninsula of weakness: the Europe of gardens, the Europe of cathedrals, the Europe of civilized peoples living an easy life, yet a Europe of civil war.
We have centuries of common civilization: we have the same churches planted in the towns of Bavaria, of Provence, and of the Beauce, the same languages and the same songs, the same poets and the same musicians; we number only a few tens of millions of men from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, yet they had managed to pit us against one another.
Even our nationalist thoughts were thoughts of defensive withdrawal - we looked at each other with anxious, hostile eyes, and we all let ourselves be maneuvered by those who had an interest in keeping us forever divided: international Jewry, which could only thrive among the ruins of Europe; a bourgeois Marxism, which had lost all its battles and sought only to recover its supremacy in the blood of youth, and the forces of money, which controlled all our capitals.

And we, the young people of Europe with life still surging in our veins, watched our old nations play at being warmongers: we saw a country like yours, the France of soldiers, peasants, and sailors, handed over to a few old scoundrels who themselves depended on other international scoundrels.
It was the France of refinement, sensitivity, and grace, represented by that enormous pachyderm[1], Herriot[2]; it was the quivering South, with its exquisite light and culture, the South that gave meaning to your language, that was represented by that little weasel, Léon Blum[3]; it was the Paris

[1] Obsolete term used to describe mammals like elephants. - The Editor
[2] Édouard Marie Herriot, French politician and recognizer of the Soviet Union. - The Editor
[3] French socialist and three-time Prime Minister of France. - The Editor

of beauty, represented by Paul Reynaud[4], that Chinaman who has been suffocated by history - what a tragedy that an ancient nation like yours, bearing such great responsibilities, was handed over to these scoundrels who ultimately plunged us into such slaughter!
Had you not been an easy, weak France, you would already have had at your head, even then, the Frenchmen you acclaim today: Doriot[5] and Darnand[6].

I was told, "You will have to flatter the French; they like that" - but I am a soldier, and I will not flatter you, but will tell you only the truth: the truth is that France bore terrible responsibilities, and in Europe's hour of need, France was not there - but there is also another truth: that it is time for France to be there.
When I look at the French youth of today, I see that there is something more to this nation than what we were shown before the war; when I think of the blood shed by so many young Frenchmen who fell in Russia, I tell myself that there is, nevertheless, a resurgent drive within this ancient, chivalrous people toward sacrifice and glory.

The Victory of Europe?

We must not prematurely celebrate victory today: for years, Europe has lived in a state of mortal sin, and today it is paying for its crimes; it has come to the point of wondering whether it will save its civilization, whether it will survive, or whether barbarism will submerge it: that is the anguish of every soldier at the front.

When we see our young comrades lying in the mud and snow of Russia, we know that behind those lifeless faces once shone the intelligence of all that is most tenderly alive on earth.
We also know that pitted against these qualities is sheer quantity: that confronting this intelligence is savagery, and that these primitive forces wield immense power.

When, returning from the front, we look at our old towns, admire the harmony of our cities, and contemplate these incomparable treasures, and when we remember the
hordes pouring out of the woods, those thousands of yellow faces with slanted eyes and shaggy beards, when we think of their enormous material strength, of those hundreds of monstrous tanks surging from all sides, we ask ourselves: "Will Europe hold; will it be able to resist this river of blood, these bestial appetites?"
We do not return from the front with words of peace and optimism; we are going back to the front, and we will return there very quickly, telling ourselves that only a united Europe can save us.
Soviet Russia is frighteningly powerful, and for years, the entire youth of Germany has stood as the bulwark: could our souls then be so lethargic that we remain indifferent to this great drama?

The Opportunities Offered to the Young Peoples of Europe

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[4] Former President of the Council of Ministers of France, also vocal anti-Nazi. - The Editor
[5] Jacques Doriot, former French communist and radical collaborator during the Vichy regime. - The Editor
[6] Joseph Darnand, French collaborator and leader of the far-right paramilitary group "Milice française"; by 1944 he was appointed as the Secretary General for Law and Order and later as the Secretary of State for the Interior. He also served in the Waffen-SS, joining in 1943. - The Editor

We have reached the moment where all the borders of yesterday's Europe - the Europe of civil wars - are gone: either these nations will have rediscovered in their veins the immense strength of youth, the spirit of sacrifice, and the drive for grandeur, and form a single socialist and revolutionary bloc, or they will have clung to the sterility and decadence of old men who no longer understand a thing.

For years, young nationalists suffered under the alignment of all malignant forces: the Freemasons were united, which they saw as entirely compatible with their so-called patriotism; the Marxist rabble was united, sneeringly declaring: "Workers of the world, unite!", and the forces of money were united, as the bankers of Paris, New York, Brussels, and London understood each other perfectly.
But we, the patriots, were expected to detest and hate one another; we, who were driven by revolutionary fervor, were forced to ignore one another.
Well, all that is over! Against the Jewish, Moscovite, and financial internationals, the international of revolutionary youth has now been born: **they were the masters of yesterday, but with our weapons, we shall be the masters of tomorrow.**

It must be said that this would never have been possible had a young Germany not been ready to guide Europe in this task - the victorious Germany of 1940 could easily have allowed itself to be intoxicated by its triumph, yet, the moment it entered our cities, it extended a brotherly hand to us.
I still remember, as if it were yesterday, those small legions of precursors and pioneers leaving our homeland for the barracks of the Reich: these were small legions, composed of youth and war veterans alike, small legions wondering: "What will come of this adventure?"
And so we arrived in Germany, and we stood face-to-face with yesterday's victors - but we carried with us that democratic sloppiness typical of the soldiers of our old nations, who believed that military camaraderie meant slovenliness - a dangling cigarette, a poorly worn scarf, a failure to salute officers.
True camaraderie, however, has nothing to do with that: to feel respected, the people do not demand that their leaders debase themselves, for the people understand perfectly well that the earth requires leaders and masters!
What the people demand is bread, justice, and respect; the people despise leaders who act like slackers, and it is by being proud leaders that we command respect, for the people only respect those who respect themselves.
Frenchmen and Belgians alike, we had all been corrupted by this democratic filth; we all possessed that sloppiness, that vulgar, thuggish air, and we thus found ourselves confronting rigorous Prussian discipline and an admirably trained officer corps.
To any German, our flaws were easily discernible, and yet, despite everything, we were received as true comrades: **we were given our chance.**

Now, after a year, we felt entirely at ease: we had our own Commander, our own officers, and our own language; we represented our living Homeland.
And during that winter along the Dnieper, we held complete responsibility for a fifty-kilometer front - now, today, not only do we feel equal to any youth in Germany, but Germany herself grants us the right to rise to the highest levels.
This deeply symbolic Iron Cross, which represents so many glorious wars and so much spilled blood for Germany - we, us foreigners, are permitted to confer it upon our own men.
I, a Walloon, award the Iron Cross First Class to my soldiers; I even award it to the German soldiers under my command.

What other nation, within three short years, could have shown such tokens of camaraderie to the youth of all Europe; who else would have thrown wide open the gates of glory, allowed us direct entry into the magnificence of its revolution, and permitted us to command its own soldiers - the very soldiers who, just three years ago, marched into our cities as young conquerors, and who today, recognizing the necessity of building Europe, accept this?
Young German officers, covered in glory, come to our command post for orders; German soldiers, veterans of every campaign, stand shoulder-to-shoulder with our comrades, and for at the front, there is absolute equality.
Only one thing differentiates men there: courage.

The Health of the People

Unity over there has been achieved, and it is the only unity that will triumph.
Europe is not being built solely because it faces a danger, but because it possesses a soul; we are not united merely by something negative, like saving our own skins, for what matters on this earth is not so much living, but living well.
It is not a matter of having dragged out fifty years of inactivity, but of having led a proud and triumphant life for a year, or even for just eight days.

Intellectuals may develop their theories - and they are necessary - yet these innocent games are often, in fact, the pastimes of decadence.
How many Frenchmen indulge in these subtleties: **how many Frenchmen believe they have waged a revolution merely because they have written a fine article about revolution!**
Europe is the ancient land of intelligence, and the great laws of reason are indispensable to European harmony - and yet, all the same, our century signifies something more than the awakening of intellectual forces alone.
There have been so many intelligent people who were utterly sterile, but by awakening all the instinctive, roaring forces of the human being; by reminding us that there is a bodily beauty and harmony, and that nations cannot be led by dwarfs, weaklings, and deformities; by reminding us that there is no action without joy, nor joy without health - through racism - by reawakening these grand forces rising from the depths of the world, it has brought back to the vanguard of Europe a healthy and indomitable youth: a youth that loves, a youth with an appetite.
Therefore, when we look at the world, it is no longer to analyze it… but to seize it!

It is Germany that has rendered this inestimable service to a decadent Europe: it has brought it back to health.
When we looked at pre-war Europe, when we visited those menageries that were the parliamentary assemblies, when we saw all those grimacing faces, all those stupefied old gentlemen, their sagging bellies - as if these men had endured too many pregnancies - their exhausted faces, the bags under their eyes, we asked ourselves: "Is this our people?"
The French people still knew how to crack witty jokes - which were ultimately a form of sneering and revolt - but they no longer possessed that great, innocent joy of strength, whereas Germany possessed a boundless reservoir of power.
What astonished you, men and women of France, when you saw them arrive in 1940? It was that they were as beautiful as gods, with harmonious, supple bodies; it was that they were clean.
You have never seen a young warrior - nor do you see one even now in Russia - with a

democratic beard: everything about them is sharp; everything has poise, breeding, and sheer presence.

Through its racism, through this awakening of healthy strength, Germany restored health to its own people first, and then to the whole of Europe.
When we left for Russia, we were told: "Ah, you will suffer out there; you will be prematurely aged men" - and yet, when we return from the front and looked at everyone else, it is we who find them all looking like worn-out old faces, while we feel a force in our veins that nothing can stop.

It Is Not to Save Capitalism That We Fight in Russia

That is why the soldiers at the front have such profound confidence.

That European army out there in the mud and snow is the finest army in the world - the proudest, the most united that Europe has ever known.
This army has faith, something unseen in Europe since the Crusades; the hundreds of thousands of Europeans who followed Napoleon followed the glory of a single man, but the entire youth fighting in Russia now battle to save Europe, to halt communism, but above all because they possess a revolutionary faith.

The struggle against the Soviets is not the struggle imagined by the pre-war bourgeoisie.
They wanted a fight against communism because they were afraid - but what should we be afraid of? We have nothing to defend; we own no safes.
Death? We brave it; it is an old foe we tame every single day, and those who travel light, carrying nothing but their weapons, do not tremble; the bourgeois, however, always trembled, and they tremble still.
Twenty years ago, they already needed the young to fight the Soviets: we were supposed to rush off over there just so fat bankers could keep their banks, so bloated bourgeois could keep suffering from indigestion, and so high-society whores could keep visiting Monsieur Daladier or Monsieur Paul Reynaud - after all, that was Europe, wasn't it? That was the pre-war Europe that had to be defended and protected against Bolshevism.
If Europe must still be that - if it must once again become the Europe of bankers, of this bloated and corrupt bourgeoisie, of ease and slovenliness - well, we say it without detour: **we would prefer that communism win and blow everything sky-high; we would rather everything implode than see this rottenness resplendent once more.**

Europe fights in Russia because it is socialist: the youth of Europe who have seized submachine guns will not do what the youth of 1918 did, by trading them for house slippers, for we will keep our ammunition magazines, and after crushing communist barbarism, we will aim straight at the plutocrats, for whom we reserve our final bullets.
Could anyone demand such suffering from millions of young people; could we watch the best of our comrades fall just so this monstrous world of plutocracy can endure?

I still remember New Year's Eve: at eleven o'clock, we went on the assault, and I was commanding the Youth Company.
In our Brigade, we have a company made up entirely of youths, boys of sixteen and seventeen - we even have the three youngest soldiers in the SS, who are only fifteen years old (they had

altered their age on their identity cards before enlisting.)
At four o'clock in the morning, I brought these boys back into our lines, carrying on my shoulders an eighteen-year-old lad whose knees had both been shattered by a submachine-gun burst.
Watching his blood pour over my white winter uniform, I thought of the New Year's celebrations: four o'clock in the morning! Everywhere else in the world, there must have been the monstrous revelry of those who could afford to eat, along with the shrill cries of easy women.
That whole old world was gorging itself while we, the youth of Europe, stood there with our dead, our wounded, and our suffering: do you believe that in those moments, we did not swear an oath to one day build a clean and just world?

The soldiers who campaigned in Russia will have suffered what no other soldier before them has ever known: every veteran of the First World War who is now on the Russian front says so unanimously.
These men go to the very depths of the soul's abyss: for weeks on end, they live in holes of mud and snow, and for years, they have known only bleak, despairing landscapes, living near isbas built of kneaded mud and straw.
For years, hundreds of thousands of young men have made this immense sacrifice of their youth, their comforts, and all their hopes: what greater sacrifice can one then make for their faith than to live in these sodden landscapes, or before these whistling snows; to never see anything beautiful - neither a cathedral singing against the sky, nor a smiling face; to never breathe the sweetness of our own skies, knowing that death stalks us constantly?
Do you believe we would have suffered all this just so the same few dozen magnates could exploit millions of workers, so that youth could neither breathe nor live?

Remember what Germany was like before Hitler, that rotten Germany of Christian Democrats and Marxists; remember crumbling France, where the people were the targets of the most shameful scams, where millions of workers knew neither respect nor the joy of living, and received paid leave like a handout, just so they could play at being petty bourgeois.

The People's Revolution

Everywhere in Europe, the people were miserable, and everywhere, happiness was monopolized by a few dozen anonymous monsters: material happiness locked away in bank vaults, spiritual happiness suffocated by every form of corruption.
Europe was old because it was not happy; its peoples smiled no longer because they no longer felt truly alive.

Even at this very moment, what is still happening? Whether you look at Paris or Brussels, in the suburbs you find the same humiliated people, living on starvation wages and rations fit for lepers, yet you arrive on the boulevards and you find these insolent, fat pachas, stuffed with steaks and thousand-franc notes, who tell you: "War is practical: before the war we profited, during the war we profit, and after the war we will profit."
Ah, let them count on it in the end! What they will win are our submachine-gun volleys; what they will win is the hangman's rope!
For what interests us most in this war is the revolution that will follow it - to restore the joy of living to these millions of working-class families, ensuring that millions of European workers

finally feel like free, proud, and respected beings, and ensuring that across all of Europe, capital ceases to be an instrument for the domination of peoples, becoming instead an instrument at the service of human happiness.

The war cannot end without the triumph of the socialist revolution, without the factory worker and the agricultural laborer being saved by the revolutionary youth.
It is the people who pay; it is the people who suffer: the great experience of the Russian front proves this once again, yet the people have shown that they are capable of waging their revolution without the intellectuals.
In our ranks, eighty percent of our volunteers are working-class, and they have shown that they are clearer-headed and see further than thousands of intellectuals who have nothing left but ink in their fountain pens, nothing left in their heads, and, above all, nothing left in their hearts - these intellectuals who claim to be the elite: all of that is well and truly over.

The true elites are formed at the front; a new knighthood is forged at the front; young leaders are born at the front.
The true elite of tomorrow is found there, far from the gossip of the big cities, far from the hypocrisy and sterility of the masses who no longer understand anything; it is forged during grandiose and tragic battles, like those of the Cherkassy Pocket.
It was a supreme joy for us to find ourselves there among young men gathered from every corner of Europe: there were thousands of Germans from the old Reich; there were men of the Baltic - notably the Narva Battalion with the Latvians; there were the tall, blond boys of the Scandinavian countries, Danes, Dutchmen, our Flemish brothers-in-arms, Hungarians, and Romanians; there were also a few Frenchmen representing you in that melee, while so many of your compatriots were engaged in other sectors of the Eastern Front.
And there, among us all, a complete brotherhood was established, for everything has changed since the war.

When we look at a decrepit, slouching old bourgeois in our homeland, we do not consider that man to be part of our race, but when we look at a young revolutionary from Germany or elsewhere, we consider him to belong to our Homeland, because we stand with youth and we stand with the Revolution.
We are political soldiers: the insignia of the SS shows Europe where the political truth lies, where the social truth lies, and, converging from all sides into this political army of the Führer, we are preparing the political cadres of the post-war era.
Tomorrow, Europe will possess elites the likes of which it has never known: an army of young apostles, of young mystics, uplifted by a faith that nothing can stop, will one day emerge from this great seminary of the front.
It is there too, Frenchmen, that you must be present.

Rise Up, France!

If a small nation like ours provides the German army with such a massive contribution of men; if the Walloons have been the legionnaires who have given the most dead and the most wounded to the cause of Europe; if more than two thousand of our comrades are dead, missing, or lying in hospitals; if, having become a Brigade, we have sworn to become a division this very year - a division for four million Walloons! - it is because we know that to the extent that we are present

at the front, we will be present after the war - **and you, Frenchmen, must say the same thing**.

Nations do not live solely on their past: **France has no right to be a second Greece, to be a Rome in decline, for there remains within your country a magnificent youth, a powerful race.**
I have the courage to tell you that it is not enough to deliver speeches to the Germans; that it is not enough to explain the greatness of Bayard, Louis XIV, and Napoleon, for your past imposes upon you the duty to be worthy of what France has lived.
France has hundreds of thousands of young boys capable of holding her flag, capable of showing that you are an ancient nation of soldiers.
This is no longer the time for symbolic representation: symbols are fine for poets, but for us, only action counts.
An ancient country like France cannot content herself with symbols: we do not send delegations to the front the way parliamentary delegations used to be sent, and thus, France cannot be satisfied with sending only a handful of Frenchmen to represent her before the world.

We have reached the moment where we must not only show that we stand with Germany - and therefore with Europe - but the moment where each nation must carve out its place through its own sacrifices.
The time for literature is over: fountain pen ink dries quickly, but the blood of young heroes will surge across Europe like a river of life, and it is up to you to choose between this river of life and the withered decay of sterile nations.
Every hope is already justified regarding your choice, for the fact that so many Frenchmen have donned this glorious uniform - yesterday the uniform of Germany, today the uniform of Europe - and the fact that so many young Frenchmen have broken through the barrier of prejudice and stupidity to serve in the same army as our comrades from the Reich, proves that a fervor and vibrancy of intellect still exist in your country.
The varied experiences of French youth show that they are seeking not only a way to be useful, but a way to transcend themselves: there are the young Frenchmen of the Legion, the young Frenchmen of the Waffen-SS, and the young Frenchmen who were even within our own ranks.
A few months ago, I was astonished to find Frenchmen alongside us on the Dnieper; on the labor camps in Germany, these Frenchmen had forged bonds of friendship with young French-speaking Belgians, and so, during the most tragic moments, our Brigade included boys from the North, boys from Paris, and we even had a boy from Marseille... It was rather difficult for him to make us believe he was from Brussels!

These young Frenchmen who fought by our side, and whom we regarded as true comrades, felt a deeply moving need to prove they were there.
I will forever remember one of our fiercest battles in the Cherkassy forest: it was two days before Christmas, December 23rd, and with just three hundred men, we had to spend the night infiltrating Russian lines and breaking through Soviet blockades to attack a large village seven kilometers behind their rear.
There were barely twenty meters left to cross, and we had to surge forward to reach a wide plateau; there beside me stood a working-class lad from Paris.
At the critical moment when we absolutely had to break through, he shouted to me: "I'm gonna show you that Parisians have real guts!"
We reached the plateau, and right then, a shell landed, tearing off his arm and ripping open his

stomach - but as I tried to carry this young Parisian to the rear, he uttered these magnificent words: "No, I'm done for, but I want to see you win anyway."
Then, having dragged himself to a haystack, he pulled himself up to watch us fight, and when I went back to find him at the end of the battle, the young Parisian was still there, his stomach ripped open and his arm gone - but upright against his haystack, he had watched us conquer!
Well, this young Parisian, who died out there in the Cherkassy forest, shall be a model for you.

France must rise up! France must give her blood! The Europe of tomorrow will be the Europe of soldiers.

"France Alone": A Caricature of Nationalism

And yet, in the face of these examples, there are people among you who wait, people who indulge in sordid calculations: "One never knows how it will turn out," they say. "Let us be fifty percent on the side of the Germans, and fifty percent on the side of the Americans; we will stand well with the former in Paris, but we will still prepare our little backroom deals with the latter in North Africa, though in any case, we must manage to be on good terms with the victor."
These are the calculations of bankers, the calculations of adventurers - **but when you are the ancient nation of France, you calculate only where duty and honor lie, and nothing else.**

Then, there is the old, restrictive nationalism - that of "France alone."
To have embraced the pink columns of the Acropolis at twenty; to have cried out "I am a Roman" at twenty; to belong to Athens and Rome, to Provence or Paris - all of this should have led to belonging to Europe.
A Frenchman today cannot belong to France alone, for a Frenchman belongs to Europe: he is bound to the civilization of Bavaria, of Athens, of Madrid, of the Netherlands, or of Prussia.
We share the same unity, and the same peril awaits us, for if the Soviets sweep forward tomorrow, what becomes of "France alone"? You cannot halt the Moscovite hordes with bundles of yellowed old newspapers!
France must understand that this nationalism of isolation is a caricature of nationalism: either France will stand with Europe, or she will perish with her—but France will not remain all alone.

There is no one left who can stand alone, for now, rising above all individual homelands, there is the great Homeland of Europe: our civilization, our blood, our life.
Whether we are sons of Paris or sons of Brussels, we are all sons of Europe, from the Baltic to Gibraltar.

Those Who Have Understood

It is a true joy for us returning from the front to see thousands of men here in France who understand: those French nationalists who show themselves, who are strong, and who have moved past the narrow stage of the haughty, bitter pre-war nationalism.

It is a man like de Brinon[7] who, mixed into ministerial teams even more tossed about than the ship on the Paris coat of arms, had the courage from the moment of the armistice to support total, open cooperation, rather than a collaboration with closed drawers and keys hidden away in pockets; it is a man like Doriot who understood so well that in a historic era like ours, one can only lead peoples by being immersed in the war and suffering of one's people, while awaiting the hour of heroism and grandeur.
Doriot stayed two years in Russia, and those two years will count double later on: France, like the other countries of Europe, will belong to the soldiers, and I prefer a hundred thousand times over Lieutenant Doriot with his Iron Cross to a Doriot loaded down with monumental ministerial portfolios after the war.
As soldiers, we will work hand in hand as true comrades; as politicians, we would have always remained underhanded adversaries.

There is now a man among you who knows that the lives of scoundrels are of absolutely no importance; that when there are people poisoning the population, when there are assassins, the time has not come for empty ceremonial bows, nor for running the old, solemn machinery of a justice system that protected the guilty instead of repressing the crime.
The time has come to condemn these assassins; it is not necessary to have around decrepit old gentlemen who have spent years in legal studies and who ultimately lose themselves in the articles of the law, for it is enough to have a few resolute men who know where good lies and where evil lies.
A man like Darnand has understood what the European Revolution is: he is not afraid to call himself SS.
His forces in France do not awaken for a fleeting, summary justice; they do not awaken so that the bourgeoisie can sleep soundly, nor even so that they might approve of it.

Now that Darnand is in the process of crushing the terrorists, the bourgeois say to themselves: "We'll be able to get back on the trains, we'll be able to go to the provinces again, we'll bring back chickens, cheese, we'll deal on the black market - ah, Darnand is a terrific guy!"
I know the young revolutionaries of Europe well enough to know that it is not for the chickens and cheeses of the bourgeoisie that we are clearing out the Maquis, and it is not even to repress terrorism that these forces have risen, since that is merely a preliminary cleanup: these forces arose in France to carry out, shoulder to shoulder with all the revolutionary youth of Europe, the great socialist revolution that the people are waiting for.
And the people will not wait long: they have suffered enough from so-called "right-wing" movements - bourgeois-ridden movements, cluttered with colonels, bankrolled by the deep pockets of the big banks.
Gaullism had this one good point: it rid you of this dead weight and of a bunch of old dowagers who made you look ridiculous.
Now, obviously, the fantastic, headless, and heartless throngs are gone - those throngs where a lot of gasoline was wasted to achieve absolutely nothing at all.

Right now, you are not much because it is only the beginning - but you are something.
You see, I speak to you frankly: you are a few thousand men starting out, and starting on the inside, having started at the front, you must do infinitely more.

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[7] Fernand de Brinon, French journalist and collaborator. - The Editor

If you remain at the front with only two or three thousand men, it is insufficient: a nation like France does not fight with two or three thousand men.

Every Nation Must Earn its Place

Within the nationalist parties in France today, there are men who have understood the need to work with the whole of Europe - men who have understood, above all, that the SS represents the revolutionary unity of Europe, and that the SS was the first to have the courage to march straight ahead, to strike hard, and to strive for the true socialist revolution.
For a year or two now, on the front lines, we have seen France, and now, on the home front, we also see France: the France of de Brinon, Déat, Doriot, and Darnand, and above all, the France of its youth.

There, we see something other than those pathetic little characters hanging around bar corners, cigarettes dangling from their lips, ready to gulp down a Pernod; we see tall, well-built young men, capable of carrying out the revolution and then choosing a beautiful French girl to father vigorous children.
For years, you have had, proportionally, three times fewer children than the Russians, and half as many as the Germans - one wonders why, frankly, in this country of love, for love cannot exist without children! Are they not the poetry and the resurrection of love?
This declining birth rate was one of the symptoms of the general impotence of democratic nations: an inability to think far ahead, an inability to show audacity, helplessness in the face of revolutionary fervor, and helplessness before privations, even before suffering itself.
You must realize, Frenchmen, that you have lost fifty years in a Europe of soldiers - a Europe that fights, that shows its courage, that needs to be heroic, but which is also preparing a social revolution and the moral foundations for every nation; it is no longer possible for these hundreds of thousands of men to have died, sustained by the most sublime virtues, only for us to return afterward to the manure pile of mediocrity, baseness, and spinelessness.
The front lines create not only the forces of salvation on the military battlefield - revolutionary forces that will break through anything tomorrow - but they also prepare the revolution most necessary for Europe: the spiritual revolution - thus, we need upright and pure men who know that man's highest joys reside within the soul.
We will no longer tolerate mediocrity of the soul; we will no longer tolerate men living for sordid pleasures, for their own selfishness, in a narrow, stifling atmosphere, for we want to elevate the nations, to restore their appetite, their grandeur: we want the nations to experience the sovereign joy of rising above daily life.

This is why, my dear comrades, we must be united.
Europe, standing tall against communism to defend our civilization, our spiritual heritage, and our ancient cities, must be united, and every nation must earn its place, not by tallying up the past, but by giving the blood that cleanses and purifies.
Europe must be united to realize, under the banner of the SS, the National Socialist revolution, and to bring to souls the revolution of the soul itself.

Without Hitler, Europe Was Lost

And above this immense uprising of youth - commanding them and guiding this revolution - stands facing the barbarian forces a robust man, born of the people, of the people to the very marrow of his bones, yet consumed by an irresistible fire: the Führer.

Without him, what would Europe be; if the Führer had not rallied his people, how far would Bolshevism have advanced today?
Which of your colonels would have stopped it; who would have been capable of stemming this abominable torrent? Even now, Europe must realize that without Hitler, she was lost - and Europe must admit to herself that she did everything, nonetheless, to prevent Hitler from stopping the Russians.
Hitler saw this horrific danger of communism; he was ready to sacrifice the finest of his youth to save everyone - and yet, at the exact moment he had to exert all his energy for this task of European salvation, the dirty little agents provocateurs - the Blums and Mandels, the Daladiers and Reynauds, the plutocrats of London, the Jews of New York - all these people were preparing to stab him in the back in 1939: an abominable year, a year when France fell into a state of mortal sin.
France - which should have been there, standing behind Germany to support her, to encourage her, to mingle her blood with hers because the salvation of all was at stake - allowed herself to be manipulated by scoundrels and sellouts who believed everything would always sort itself out, and that she could just let things slide - now, today, the time has come to make amends.
It is unthinkable that this magnificent man should have to feel that his people are the only ones suffering, and it would be a monstrous injustice if all of Europe were saved solely by the blood of German youth - in any case, as for my own people, I will never tolerate it.
We will shed all the blood that is required, and Germany has a right to it; we want the blood of our comrades to be mingled with German blood, for we must have equality in blood and justice in blood if we want justice tomorrow in victory.
Having saved everything just in time, the Führer saves us all every single day - Germans, Frenchmen, or Belgians: without his remarkably calm genius, without this extraordinary self-mastery, who at this very hour would be capable of holding the line and saving the forces of Europe?

I will remember this contrast for the rest of my life: just three weeks ago, we had broken through the Russian lines, advancing for eighty kilometers: we had thwarted the Soviet plans, and an entire army was breaking through the Red blockades, achieving liberation.
And just as we reached our new lines after the victory, a little Fieseler plane touched down in the snow, carried me to where the Führer's plane was waiting, and by eleven o'clock that evening, I was in those deep forests where the barracks of the Führer Headquarters are located.
That morning, I had been in the midst of abject barbarism, witnessing everything that threatened Europe, my eyes still filled with those horrible faces encountered daily in hand-to-hand combat; then, in the deep of night, traveling through the pine forests and lakes, I suddenly found myself in front of the long wooden barracks - a room resembling a draftsman's studio, with large polished wooden tables, iron lamps, and this lone man bending over the maps: this gentle, kind man.
The crowds see the Führer from afar, and those abroad hardly know this affectionate man - this man who takes your hands like a member of your own family, this man whose eyes are full of gentleness, whose voice suddenly comes alive, whose gaze flashes with fire, this man who sits there, day and night, working silently, knowing exactly what stakes he is playing for.

Then you see the others: Stalin, with his savage, mustachioed face; Churchill, an old drunk slumped in a mismatched uniform, and Roosevelt, limping along with disheveled hair, flanked by his political muse: all of that is chaos; all of that represents monstrous interests.
Surrounded by all these perils, shielding our great, blooming peninsula - with its sunshine and golden stones, its human faces, its blonde or brunette children, and its ancient treasures - this kind man seems sent from Heaven, for without him, everything would be lost; without him, nothing today would be possible.
Even your initial efforts - how could you have made them if your vile Popular Front had continued its demagogic dictatorship, if you were still saddled with your hordes of politicians? Hitler has given every nation the opportunity to save itself: without him, nationalists were doomed in every homeland.

Hitler has saved Europe from communism, and now Hitler is preparing the National Socialist revolution that will liberate nations across all of Europe.
Without this man of Providence, our lives were forfeit - thus, if we are on the front lines today, it is to save our homelands, to protect ourselves from communism, to build the revolution, but it is also because we love the Führer, because we know that the salvation of Europe will have been his doing.
Young men of a clear-eyed Europe, seeing the revolution and the grandeur that await us, know that it is to the Führer that we will owe this liberation of souls: thanks to him, our youth will not have been in vain, and thanks to him, Europe will one day rediscover its smile and its kindness.
Let us show, my dear French comrades, the gratitude of upright souls, and since it is to the Führer that we will owe the best of our future, let us turn toward him and tell him that the entire youth of Europe stands by his side: that he will have our blood; that he will have our discipline, and that he will have the offering of our souls.

Frenchmen, Heil Hitler.

Edited by the French Waffen SS's Ersatzkommando